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"WIREGRASS STORIES."

MacINTYRE.

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BY

Complimentary

W. IRWIN MacINTYRE

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W. IRWIN MacINTYRE

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PREFACE

Four years ago five hundred copies of "Wire-Grass Stories" were given to the public and soon exhausted.

Upon request, the author revises and submits this second edition of the same number of copies, to his indulgent readers.

W. Irwin MacIntyre,
Thomasville, Ga.,
July, 25th, 1913.

By transfer
The White House
... 1913

"WIREGRASS STORIES"

BY W. IRWIN MACINTYRE.

THE late Columbus Allen was the subject and author of many good stories. He was very old when I knew him, but his exact age was the one secret of his bosom. I once knew him to get very indignant when he heard that it was being told that he had said:

"When I first came to Thomasville, the Ochlocknee river was nothing but a little bit of a stream."

In answer to the question as to who raised him, Uncle Lum said. "I wasn't raised, I was caught by the hair and jerked up."

Uncle Lum was a loyal Confederate soldier, although he had been opposed to Secession. He used to deny that he had said that his one wound in the hand was received when he was in the act of cocking a cannon. He also denied the story told by the boys, that in the midst of a hot fight, he reached down; and, taking a saddle from a dead horse, started for the rear.

"Where are you going?" said a sergeant.

"Takin' the General's saddle to him;" was the reply; repeated as often as inquiry was made.

When "Uncle Lum" got to the rear, he found he was mistaken about the idenity of the saddle, and before he could get back to the front, the battle was over.

"Uncle Lum" denied that he had said:
(x) "Hoke Smith is wrong in opposing watering stock, when it is a matter of impossibility to bring stock from Missouri to Georgia without watering them two or three times."

1

X Hoke Smith is Georgia's foremost statesman and has more dogs named for him than any other man in public life. No-no children.

Which reminds me of the case I heard in the Thomas County Court House; in which the owner of the controlling interest in a sawmill had been sued for damages done by oxen belonging to the man to whom he had leased his property some months before. Eleven of the jury immediately came to the opinion that the Plaintiff had sued the wrong man, and were in favor of returning a verdict for the Defendant.

"Hold on, Boys," said the careful twelfth Juror, "Didn't you hear Joe Beverly say he owned the stock in that mill?"

"Yes."

"Well, wasn't them oxen the only stock there?"

* * * * * *

Uncle Lum's definition of a Republican was, "A low down white man with nigger principles."

I asked him his definition of populism. He said it was a "premeditated impossibility."

* * * * * *

Mr. James M. Blackshear lives in a District, cut out from Thomas, and included in the new county of Grady. He was much opposed to the change; not so much on account of health conditions, although he made that point; but, because, as he said:

"The people in the new area didn't have sense enough to run a county."

Being opposed to the enterprise, he was inclined to ridicule the efforts to organize the new county. I drove up to his house just before the first Primary Election, and the following conversation ensued:

"Uncle Jim, how you all coming on with the Election?"

"Why, Son, you never saw so many candidates in your life; we got thirty-four candidates for Tax Receiver"

"Are they all qualified to hold the job?"

"Qualified? Why, out of that Thirty-four, Twenty-five can't count a hundred."

"Well, that leaves nine good men to choose from."

"Yes, but the trouble is, eight out of that nine can't go to two hundred."

* * * * * *

In describing the great advance of Cairo, his county site, Mr. Blackshear said;

"Cairo improved? Why, Son, ten years ago, I could have taken a standing collar and tent to Cairo and by charging a dime admission, I could have made a fortune, but now I can hardly get to town for the crackers stopping me along the road, saying "Oh Mr. Blackshear, take my laundry to town for me, please."

* * * * * *

Mr. Blackshear was very much opposed to the manner of working the convicts on the public roads, said he: "I'll certainly not allow one of those convict camps put near my place, they will demoralize all of my hands who wont want to do any more work than the convicts."

Other opponents of the system were criticising the permission given convicts to play base ball on Saturday. Mr. Blackshear defended the practice on the grounds that everyone needed exercise.

The last time I discussed the convict situation with him, he said: "Do you remember old Jeff? They put Jeff on the gang for selling licker; the other night he went off; got drunk; came back and cussed out the guards.—And what do you suppose they did to him?"

"Beat him about half to death I reckon."

"No they didn't, they suspended him for three days."

* * * * * *

On one occasion Mr. Blackshear was in a sail-boat with two friends on Lake Iamonia, several miles over the Florida line.

An unexpected gale came up, and the boat capsized. Drowning seemed certain. Both companions failed to remember any prayer. The responsibility was on Jim. "Jim, do your best," they said. He thought a minute, and remembering nothing but the blessing his mother used to ask, said.

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

* * * * * *

Mr. Blackshear went to school in Thomasville, when a boy. He had a great many characteristics, one of which was a strong disinclination to make a speech. Commencement day came, and Jim had to make a speech or get licked. There was no way out. The other little boys had spoken. His name was next on the program. "The Seasons" was the subject. Fond parents crowded the little chapel. Jim's name was reached. He came striding upon the stage, striking the floor with his bare heels so the noise could be heard all over the house, and began:--

"The Seasons."

"There are four seasons:—Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall. Some like Winter, some like Spring, some like Summer, and some like Fall. But as for me:—"Give me liberty or give me death."

And down he came; bump-de-bump-de-bump.

On another occasion the teacher required Jim to write a composition. He chose "Rats" for his subject, and his composition ran something like this:

"Rats"

"Rats is very pestiferous little critters. They has a long tail, 'less some cat have bit his tail off. They eats most everything. They even steal syrup. They gnaws the cork out with their teeth, then they run their tail down in the bottle, and sucks the syrup off. Then they repeats. That's all I know about rats."

* * * * * *

Mr Blackshear is about the quickest man to size up a humorous situation I ever saw. One day I was standing beside him

on the public road, when a colored man came by with a shackly old wagon and two mules, poor enough to drop and old enough to vote. The wagon body contained three 200 pound sacks of guano.

"Hey Squire," inquired Mr. Blackshear, "What you going to do with all of that fertilizer?"

"I am going to put it under my crap" was the reply.

"O" said Mr. Blackshear "I thought you were going to use it for perfumery purposes."

* * * * * *

Mr Blackshear had a dear lady friend from Thomasville who was very much interested in evangelical work among the colored. Upon a visit to Mr. Blackshear's they both saw a prospect drawing water from a well. Upon advancing, the would be missionary said "Frazier do you know Jesus?"

"Well not perzactly, but I've heard tell of him."

"Has Mr. Blackshear told you of him?"

"No'am, I don't think he know him."

"Do you know he died for you?"

"No'am, is he dead? I didn't know he was sick" was the reply.

* * * * * *

A Paper filed in the office of Judge W. H. Bibb, J. P., had failed to have an entry at the proper time, through no fault of the Plaintiff. I arose on the first day of Court, and requested a rule:—Nunc pro tunc", to correct the error in plaintiff's behalf.

"Look here" said the court; "I've been J. P. Thirty-five years; have never been reversed by the Superior Court but twice and both those times the Supreme Court sustained me; never have issued no Tunc or Tinc orders, and don't propose to do it now; but I'll change the date of that entry."

The people in these parts don't exactly know what "Alibi" means, but they know when proven it always gets the Defendant out of trouble. Judge Bibb was holding Court and a farmer came in, sat on the floor in the rear of the room, leaned against the wall, and began smoking his stone pipe. Col. Arthur Patten called the Court's attention to the offender.

"Come to the Bar of Justice," addressed the Court to the smoker.

"Do you mean any disrespect, Sir; by smoking in this august presence?"

"No--No--No--Sir; Jedge;" the offender was saying, shaking from head to foot, when Col. Patten whispered something in his ear.

"Jedge, I pleads Alibi;" he said to the Court, following the suggestion. Judge Bibb looked very solemnly over his glasses, and replied;—

"Take your seat, Sir; that's all that saved you."

* * * * * *

"Now" said Col. Patten one day in the trial of a case. "I am going to do something which is like shaking a red flag in a bull's face; I am going to read your Honor some law."

"Col Patten, if you ever say that again, Sir; I'll disbar you," said Judge Bibb.

On another occasion Col. Patten said to the court:

"Your honor should not expect to understand the intricate points of the law as well as we lawyers, who make it a life work."

"Mr. Patten. if you say that again, Sir; the court will fine you Ten Dollars," replied the Judge.

* * *

Judge Bibb once had a cow to eat some of Dr. R——s vegetables. The argument which followed resulted in a chal-

lenge from Dr. to the Judge, the same being immediately accepted. Both chose seconds and the Judge gave the Dr. choice of naming weapons or distance. The Dr. said shot guns loaded with buckshot.

The judge said he would announce the distance in plenty of time. The Dr. made his will and was visibly nervous. The Judge was as usual composed. The date for the duel approached. The doctor could neither eat nor sleep. Two days before the fight he demanded to know the distance. The Judge said "Dr. you will stand in Tallahassee and I in Thomasville." They were friends ever after.

* * * * * *

Honorable Theo. Titus had gotten Judgement in the Boston Justice Court. Several days later he saw the constable in Thomasville.

"Look here, have you made that levy yet?"

"Yes, Sir."

"On what?"

"Two head of geese and a patch of onions, Sir," replied the officer, conscious of a duty well done.

* * * * * *

Among Attorney Titus' first efforts, was a case in a Country Justice Court. Mr. Titus was closing for the plantiff, and was making an eloquent but long drawn out argument. The Court became very impatient. Finally a cloud came up, and a clap of thunder almost shook the house.

"Look here, Col. Titus," said the court. "When you git through with your speech you'll find my judgment right under this book. The Court is got to set out some taters before the rain."

* * * * * *

Joe Calloway has been Janitor at the Court House for many years. His legal associations are evidenced by the names of his

two youngest children: "Petit Larency" and "Incorporeal Hereditament," who is called "Dit" for short.

* * * * * *

One of his colored brethren once asked Joe for a drink of ice water: Joe directed him to the bucket on the table:--

"Look here, Joe, this aint no ice water' this water is warm."

"Yes dat is ice water, Nigger; you don't know ice water."

"No, Joe, there aint no ice in that water."

"Yes, there is."

"No, there aint."

"Yes ,there is. I tell you hit just aint cold enough to friz it out; you let the water turn cold, and you'll see there is just as much ice in that water as in any water."

* * * * * *

I was employed by a colored preacher to defend his son, who had misappropriated a pair of trousers, and would have doubtless been successful, had not the little rascal had them on at the time of the trial. This parson had evidently belonged to an Orator before the war, for he possessed a vocabulary of many nouns, numerous verbs and innumerable adjectives. He did not try to "Hide his learning under a bushel." Captain Doss and I were waiting for Court to convene; my client was to my right. Joe Calloway came in with a bucket of water, and set it on the radiator, which, at that time, stood in the center of the room, and was used for a table in summer. It had been a pretty distressing time for those interested in the colored race; the burning at Statesboro had occurred only a few days before. The Parson's son was here to be tried for a disgraceful act. Joe evidently was, and had a right to be, in a meditative mood. But the Reverend Gentleman, conscious of superior learning here below and a superior seat hereafter above, was in a talkative mood. As the water bucket went on the radiator he remarked.—

"Mr. Calloway, hab you observed dat universal prosperity

am generly preceded by diligent and consecrated application?"

Joe looked at the parson, scratched his head; and fully conscious of the seriousness of the question, replied;—

"Yah, I is; and dat's how come so many niggers in Hell now."

* * * * * *

Reverend Carter Johnson of Thomasville, is the smartest full-blood African I have ever known. His book learning is very limited, having been brought up a slave, but he makes up for this defect in originality.

The first year after the War, Carter taught school on the Old Jones' plantation. I could tell many interesting things about this school; I have in mind one in particular. You remember the whole world at this time was imbibed with the spirit of reform; Carter was no exception to the rule. He called all the children together, and reminded them of the blessings of Emancipation. He spoke of the iniquity of slavery; and "Now," says he in dramatical tones, "We must get rid of that great sister of iniquity, Corporal Punishment; so hereafter, if any of you children, misbehave, I am not going to whip you, but will take your lunch away instead."

Everything was going well, Carter had blazed the way for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment; which reform has not yet completed its sweep over the South; and was growing fat on the luscious lunches, which came from the kitchens of the well-to-do whites. However, this happy state of affairs was not to continue. Carter soon found that Annie, daughter of my maternal grandmother's cook, Marianne, always had a good lunch. So it was impossible for Annie to go to Recess without having lapsed into such a breach of discipline as necessitated the forfeiture of her lunch. This lasted until Aunt Marianne got fully wrought up, when she went down to the school house with a broom handle and revolutionized Carter's ideas about Corporal Punishment Here ended the embryo of a great humanitarian reform.

When, some years after, the Liquor Issue arose, Carter found employment in delivering the Colored vote on the side of liquor. A great Local Option Election was pending in Madison County, Florida. Carter was sent for to oppose the Colored preachers who favored Prohibition. A speaking was arranged for the Colored voters. The platform was full of preachers, of whom Carter was the only one on the wet side Carter addressed the assembled multitude; saying he could prove water had killed more people than liquor; that if he could not, he would retire from the fight; on the other hand, if he did, he wanted his brethren to retire. He said that if they accepted his challenge, he would ask that as there was only one of him and several of them, that he be permitted to speak last. The Prohibition speakers agreed, and one after another read unabridged statistics as to the number of criminals, lunatics and corpses, whiskey had made. Carter waited patiently. When they were all done, he arose calmly and asked the audience if they believed in the Bible. Of course they did. He then read the chapter about the "Flood," and there arose such a cheer and applause from the wet cohorts, that before the enthusiasm could be checked, the wets had swept the deck.

The County afterwards went Dry but in justice to Carter, will say, he was not in the fight. I forgot to say that for Carter's success he was given a shot-gun, appropriately inscribed, which he promptly pawned to a friend of mine.

* * * * * *

I once walked out of the Court House and met Carter, in answer to the customary greeting, Carter said he was sick of heart; sick of heart.

"What is the matter?"

"I have been working to uplift my race ever since the War, and I come up here and find twenty Niggers indicted, and not a white man. I feel discouraged. It looks like crime is getting no less among my people. I feel like giving up."

The next term of Court I met Carter in approximately the same place, and in answer to my greeting, he said:—

"I am mad; confoundedly mad; some of these infernal Niggers have been up here lying on me, and have gone and gotten me indicted."

"What for?"

"Larceny." He was convicted but not subdued.

* * * * * *

Several years ago Carter preached a sermon in Albany, and was so unfortunate in choosing his text, that he had to walk home that night. He preached on:—

"Soap and Water, and the use thereof."

* * * * * *

Carter was a great believer in the scriptures for political effect. It is said that when he was working in the interest of the Democrats, he showed where Christ, himself, classed the "Publicans" and sinners together.

* * * * * *

Everybody knew the late Capt. W. M. Hammond of Thomasville. President McKinley once complained of being put to a disadvantage by being introduced by this brilliant son of the South. I now have in mind two illustrations of Hammond's wit and repartee:—

An important murder trial was in progress in one of our Western counties. First counsel for the defense had made a very eloquent plea for the defendant on account of his feeble physical condition; his rheumatism, paralysis, gout, et cetra. Counsel for the prosecution had stated to the jury that instead of all these infirmities, provoking mercy, they should make the jury more determined to find a verdict of guilty, so as to put the defendant out of his misery. Counsel depreciated the fact that the crime could not be punished as deserved, and was sorry some-

thing more than a worthless life could not be taken for so heinous an offense; nevertheless, such was the case, and the vindication of the law would really be of benefit to the defendant.

Captain Hammond concluded for the defense, and began with these words:—

"I am prepared, Gentlemen of the Jury, to agree with opposing counsel that hanging may be a sure cure for rheumatism, gout, etc., but I think that the learned and distinguished gentlemen, representing the state, will admitt that it has its disadvantages."

* * * * * *

Back in the times of the Farmers' Alliance, Ocala Platform and other so called heresies that were exasperating the old line Democrats of the South, Capt. Hammond was addressing a convention of Democrats at Albany, Ga.

"But" came a voice from the crowd, directed to the speaker, "Don't you think a man can be an Allianceman, a Free-Silverite, and a good Democrat?"

The speaker hesitated a moment, as the crowd stood breathlessly, and looking directly toward the enquirer, said;

"All things are possible with God."

He was not again interrupted.

* * * * * *

Nathan and Herman Levy were Thomasville merchants, and Bill Jones a good cash and barter, but not credit customer, who farmed eight miles out. A former clerk tells the story.

Jones would exchange butter, chickens, cow hides and eggs, to the Levy's for calico, cheese and canned goods, the merchants always bearing in mind, that their customer would rather owe you all his life, than swindle you out of a cent. Everything went well, until Herman, in a moment of weakness, loaned Bill two dollars, who next Saturday was seen in front of their com-

petitor, Issac's, bartering farm products for bargains. This put "Wheels in Nathan's head," who, rushing to the books, exclaimed:—

"Look here, Herman, you fool; vhat's dis I see? Bill Jones, vhat! Bill Jones two dollars! Don't you know you vas drive avay our best customer; I vus dissolve wid you; I vus ashamed you vas my brudder."

"Vait, vait," replied Herman, "Don't talk so much vid your mouth. till you know vhat you talks about."

"Vell, didn't you do it?"

"Yes, I vus do it, but den I vus fix it."

"Yes, you vas play hell fix it: I vant to see you fix it, look toward Isaac's, and see how you vas already done fix it."

The next Saturday, Jones was again at Isaac's, and Nathan had another fit of all-overs, calling Herman, he said:—

"Who dat you see at Isaac's? vy don't you vix it?"

"I goes right now," said Herman, getting his cane, and walking by Isaac's as if to the postoffice. Getting opposite Jones, he wheels suddenly, and looking up, says;—

"Howdy do, Mr. Jones, how vus your wife and garden. I am so glod to see you. You haven't been around lately. By de vay; in looking over our books, I find we vas owe you two dollars, now dis is a very small sum, but ve likes to get our business straight. Will you kindly drop by and get de two dollars before you leaves town?"

Jones, thinking for once that he was about to catch a Jew napping, got the two dollars, and Herman promptly charged himself with four dollars. Jones' trade was retained, and they lived happy ever after.

* * * * * *

Old Uncle Henry McLendon, used to be one of Thomas County's noted characters. He had firm but unique ideas, and expressed himself in crude but forcible language.

A certain transient Evangelist, who dispensed salvation free and sold insect powders for a consideration, stopped at Uncle Henry's house, and, incidentally, got a check endorsed. Uncle Henry, some weeks after, paid the check, and some months after, got his former friend's address.

"Well, Uncle Henry," said one of the boys about town, "Did you ever get that money?"

"No, but I writ him a letter."

"What did you say?"

"I writ him fourteen pages."

"Yes, but what did you say?"

"I started off by saying you goldurned, canker-yeared, mangy, flea-bitten, pusilanimous, ghost-running, scavenger-practising, carrion-eating hound, you; and the further I went the worser I got."

* * * * * *

Uncle Henry was somewhat of a philosopher. He was once upbraided for cutting timber so near his house.

"Oh, well," said he, "Let them what live the longest tote wood and water the furtherest."

* * * * * *

Uncle Henry was attending a farmers' meeting in Thomasville. The speaker was explaining how to plant cotton late and save a hoeing. Uncle Henry listened patiently. Finally, he could stand it no longer.

"Look here, Brother," said he; "There is more saved than that. If I plant and tend cotton according to your scheme, I'll save a pickin' too."

* * * * * *

Uncle Henry had been having trouble in trading with his colored tenants. A certain tenant had been exceedingly extravagant in his demands for another year.

"Look here, Nigger," said Uncle Henry; "I gorra, I will trade with you for the fodder, and I'll pull it myself."

* * * * * *

More good stories are told on Major Stegall, deceased, than any other man who ever lived in Thomas County. He was once Sheriff, and always enjoyed the esteem of the community, notwithstanding many eccentricities. It is said that they once got the Major on the witness stand during the investigation of a poker game, and he testified as follows:—

"Major, what were the boys playing for?" asked the solicitor.

"For fun."

"Didn't they have chips?"

"Yes. Sir."

"Were the chips worth money?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then why do you say they were playing for fun?"

"Well, you see, them what got the moist chips had the moist fun."

* * * * * *

Major was a witness in the investigation of a fight, and testified as follows;—

"Was the defendant angry?" asked the Solicitor.

"No, Sir."

"Was he mad?"

"No, Sir."

"Was he in his normal state of mind?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, Sir, what was his mental condition?"

"Well, Sir, he was the least bit savagerous, Sir."

Major once tried to walk across the bottom of Mitchell's pond with a pot over his head. Everybodv was out to witness the stunt. He got along fine until he stepped in a hole. Up came the bubbles, and then came Major. He was sloshing, swearing and explaining, when the owner of the pot asked for his property.

"Go to ——" said Major, "I am no pot insurer."

* * * * * *

The Major was a great fisherman, He was out at the river with the boys one day, and left his line to go back to the wagon. The boys tied his umbrella to the line, and yelled to the Major that he had a bite.

"Don't you touch it, Don't you touch it." he yelled: "I want to pull him out myself."

He got hold of the pole, and pulled and pulled, and swore at what a big one it was. The boys offered to help him, and told him they believed he had a cooter.

"You're a liar, Sir, I'm only afeared the pole'll break. It's the biggest fish in the river, I'm just playing him to tire him out."

The boys left before the haul.

* * * * * *

Major and Judge H. W, Hopkins were once arguing as to whether or not the "bull bat" and whippoorwill were the same bird when Major clinched and cinched by saying, "You are a fool, I've seen a bull-bat a whippowilling a many a time."

* * * * * *

Major Remer Young died in Thomas County, Georgia in 1859, and in his will endowed Young's Female College, which may now be seen in Thomasville. In early life he was married, and later he was divorced by a special act of the Georgia Legislature, the courts having no authority to grant divorces at

that time. Honorable A. T. MacIntyre, deceased, told me that he was traveling from New York to Thomasville with Major Young on one occasion, and that a passenger on the stage rode some two hundred miles out of his way to hear the Major tell this story:—

A pretty young widow lived in a Georgia town; and among her more successful admirers, were a certain M. D. and our friend. The Doctor who, according to Major, had inherited the degree from his deceased wife's first husband was annoying the gentleman with the military title no little; and after various and positive assurances from those in a position to know, that the medical man was a coward, the Major challenged him to fight a duel, an occurance not uncommon, but somewhat dangerous in these parts at that time.

Major Young had never fought a duel, in fact, if the truth must be known, he didn't want to fight a duel, go up in a balloon, or chase the Indians; being satisfied to enjoy his ample fortune, and if possible, marry the widow. He had taken the extreme step reluctantly, after due consideration by himself and friends, and expected no results save the diminution of the local Medical Practitioners by one, and his eventual winning of the widow.

Dr. Strong was much disturbed by the challenge, but none of his family having failed to fight when honor demanded, he pulled his nerves together, and suggesting horse pistols as the weapons, asked the Major to name the date.

Upon receipt of the answer, there was another meeting of the challenger's friends, and some explanations were not at all satisfactory to the Major, who cursed his friend's blunder and bemoaned his fate. The die was now cast. There was no retreat; one or the other must be disgraced or die, and the Major's brave friends would never hear of its being him. The time and place were appointed, and a list of the seconds sent the doctor.

Major Young and his seconds now suspended business and went to the woods every day to commune with nature and prac-

tice the challenger in marksmanship. A bullet was suspended from a limb by a thread, and the object was to cut the thread, first, at a few paces, and then more as the apprentice improved. Of course no one was supposed to be present at the exhibitions of marksmanship except our brave challenger and his trusted friends.

It soon began to be narrated around that the Major could cut the thread the first shot, at ten, then twenty, then thirty paces, and so on, but the modest Major blushed when he was congratulated in a crowd by his many friends. Time passed slowly. The duelers looked well, and a few bets were being placed on the final outcome. Little was heard from the Doctor, and the Major seemed reconciled to his fate, whatever it might be.

On the morning before the date of the duel, the challenger was walking slowly toward the livery stable to meet his friends and have his last practice. A voice ahead, addressing our friend by his military cognomen, startled him.

"What?" said he.

"Yes, he has lit a rag." came the reply from the crowd.

"He left on this morning's stage."

"The Doctor gone?"

"On the last stage." came the assurance.

"Well." said the Major, breathing a sigh of relief, "He was just in time, my trunk is packed, and if he had waited until tomorrow, we both would have been on the same stage. Boys the treats are on me."

* * * * * *

It is as natural for a small boy to rob a bird's nest, as it is for a small dog to chase a cat. Abbott Turner and Jim Reid, of Thomasville, went out to stay all night with little Guyton McLendon. They looked for bird eggs all the afternoon. Their most valuable find was some buzzard eggs of which they were very proud. They left them on the shelf on the back porch

when they washed for supper. They slept that night as only small boys can. The next morning after breakfast, Mrs. McLendon heard a big racket in the kitchen, and found the boys in a very serious altercation with the cook, who had put the buzzard eggs in the waffles which the family had eaten for breakfast. Both the cook and Mrs. McLendon depreciated the occurrance, but that didn't return the boy's eggs. Now they are more careful with buzzard eggs.

* * * * * *

I drove up to a house in the country, and heard the father of the family frailing the very life out of "Ludden and Bates." his young son. Said I:—

"John, how did you happen to name that boy after the Savaannah music house."

"Well" he said, "I'll tell you. When that boy come, us wuz all mighty proud. You know all our chilluns was gals, and I'd low every time, if I could only git a plow hand. So when des here chile come, we was mighty perplexed to give him a propriate name. I wanted to name him Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad Company, but the ole lady said the boys would sho call him S. F. & W., fer short, and she thought that wuz a horrid name, so us just compermized and called him "Ludden & Bates," and I wuz lickin' him 'cause he wouldn't work."

* * * * * *

I attended a Colored Church, several miles from town. The parson, after exhorting for quite a while upon the text:—"Marble (Marvel) not," and pointing out how all the young white boys, and young niggers, were going right to hell, fer playing er marbles in de front yard, behind de kitchen, in de streets, and on de sidewalk, when the holy word said: "Marble not;" announced that they would have the Treasurer's report right after the service.

"Now, Bretheren and Sisters." said the Treasurer, "It gives

me great pleasure to announce, that the treasury have in hand, seven dollars and thirty-five cents."

"I moves," said a brother, "Dat de Treasurer count out de money on de barrel head, and let us all look at it."

The Treasurer was forced to oppose the motion, and tried to explain how he had the money, but didn't have it with him, how he had it, and how he didn't have, as the author of the motion expressed it. The motion prevailed, however, and somewhat of a disturbance followed. The matter was finally settled by Brer Williams keeping the Treasurer's blind horse until he could show up the money. Upon promising not to again be so derelict in his duty, the Treasurer was retained in his office, and everyone satisfied.

* * * * * *

Mr. W. C. Snodgrass and I were trying to map out a course for a railroad to St. Joseph's Bay. We were in Liberty or Calhoun County Florida, with a team and driver. Night overtook us it always does, if you don't move on. Our driver had remarked earlier in the day, that he was fully conversant with the stars, and could drive as well at night as in the day. Therefore, when we were refused lodging, and told to drive on to the next neigbor's, some seven miles, we didn't feel that there was any danger of Pete not getting us there. We drove along leisurely, talking, smoking and joking, until all of a sudden we found we were not even in a road. We stopped the wagon and left Pete with the horses, while Mr. Snodgrass and I, one on one side, and the other on the other, undertook to find the road. The road had evidently been moved, because we would have sworn we were in it a minute before.

"Look here, Pete." said Mr. Snodgrass, "How about those stars? Tell me which way is north?"

Pete looked all around, and said he could, if he could only find the north star, but he couldn't find it.

"Pete how about your knowing all about the stars, thought

you couldn't get lost at night any quicker than in the day?"

"Well. Sir, I never did claim to know anything about these Florida stars, but I'll tell you, you couldn't lose me in Georgia."

We gave Pete the north star to follow, and both dozed off. Presently Snodgrass snored so loudly he awakened Pete who found he had lost his star.

"Wake up, wake up, Mr. Snodgrass" said Pete, "You'll have to give me another star, us done passed that un."

We wandered about almost in despair, relieving the stress occasionally by lauguing at Pete. At last we heard someone whistling. We hailed and got an answer. Upon coming up to the stranger, we found him on horseback, and in a dim road. He saluted pleasantly, and said he had a brother-in-law, who used to live in Thomasville. Mr. Snodgrass and I, taking advantage of the information, both knew his brother-in-law well, belonging to the same church and lodge with him, and asked to be remembered to him. We were now chummy enough with our newly made friend, who told us he would ask us home with him, if he did not live so far, and suggested that we go to old man Chester's, who only lived eight miles from where we were then, and was the nearest resident; We thought it a good idea, as we were a way off our bearing, and couldn't make our friend even understand where we had intended going, when we got lost. Our new partner undertook to tell us how to go to Mr. Chester's; saying we couldn't get lost, just keep the straight forward road, etc., but we were not in a humor to take any chances. We hired him to pilot us up to Mr. Chester's, and point out the house. On the way Mr. Snodgrass told me about a fellow being down there somewhere, and, riding along with a native, asked about the country, when the native said:—

"It was a mighty fine country, a country where everybody attended to their own business," and gave us an illustration that two men had been killed "Twixt here and that last branch, and never a word said about it yet."

Of course, this illustration made the negro, Pete, feel perfectly at ease, and we followed our pilot with absolute confidence. After so long a time we got to Mr. Chester's. He had a great big house with three rooms, and volunteered to let us stay for the night, saying it was ten miles to the next house. Mr. Snodgrass and I went in, and were enjoying that great poor man's blessing in the south:— "A Lightwood Knot Fire," when Mr. Chester came in to bring us water. I thought it was up to me to say something pleasant to show my appreciation of his hospitality, so I said:—

"Mr. Chester, this is a mighty fine country you have down here?"

Mr. Chester looked at me, and I looked at Mr. Snodgrass, then Mr. Chester put down the water, stretched himself, and said:—

"Well, hit used to be, but hits gittin' too full of folks now to suit me, so I reckon I'll have to go further South."

Mr. Snodgrass said it was bad to be crowded, and we all depreciated the congestion the world was coming to. Next morning Mr. Chester directed us to the next neighbor's.

At Bristol, Pete was asked whom he was with, and when he replied; "Messers MacIntyre and Snodgrass," he came pretty near getting lynched for insolence before he could explain that such was really their names. Pete says he don't want to go to Florida any more.

* * * * * *

Mr. Stevens was a well to do citizen of Thomasville, it being known that he was easily solvent, he had many calls. Furthermore, he wasn't careless about money matters, anyway. His young friend, Jesse, had come to town, and been elected constable. Having had business transactions with Mr. Stevens, he looked him up, and asked him to go on the bond, which all constables had to give.

"Ah," said the old man: "Jesse, my boy, I'd be the gladdest in the world to accomodate you, but you know I can't write."

Jesse was very much dissapointed that his old friend should have gone back on him, but he finally succeeded in making the bond as required. Several years after Mr. Stevens decided he would like to go to the legislature. Remembering his early friendship with Jesse, he looked him up and said:—

"Jesse, my boy, I have been urged by many friends to run for the legislature, and having great confidence in your judgement, and knowing you have my interest at heart, I want your advice."

"Well," said Jesse: "I have known you a long time, and, ordinarily, would be glad to see you have any honor to which you might aspire, but, do you know, Mr. Stevens, I think it would be a sin, a shame and disgrace for Thomas County to send a man to the legislature who couldn't write."

Mr. Stevens didn't run.

* * * * * *

I was pursuing the practice of law in Thomasville. I got an account against a merchant in a near-by town. I was not afraid about the account, as the merchant, Mr. X. I'll call him, seemed to have a good business and acting in good faith. Considerable correspondence had passed, and my clients were getting a little impatient. About this time I heard Mr. X, had gone into the newspaper business. I took my pen in hand, and wrote Mr, X, that my clients had instructed to proceed, that I intended bringing suit, and, that I thought it inexcusable for him to start out in the newspaper business without fulfilling his obligations to his creditors. I got a reply about as follows:—

Dear Sir:—

I note the company has instructed you to proceed, that is all right, it is their business, and I don't feel hard at them, I note you intend suing me, that's all right, that's your business,

and I don't feel hard at you. But what I want to know, and what I think I have a right to know, and what I think you ought to tell me, is:—

"Who in the hell is that white-livered, lying, libelous, reputation ruining scoundrel that told you I was going into the newspaper business?

* * * * * *

Everyone who dies satisfied, has, at some time, tried his hand at farming, chickening, egging, buttering, etc. I have already had mine, I tried it, I am wiser now.

But what I started out to tell about is my Angora goats, I had read and re-read a lot about goats, goats, big, little and indifferent. I had goats on the brain. I bought some. They were Angoras, and I could figure out so much profit on them, that I thought the currency would have to be increased to supply my demands. They were a curiosity to the neighbors. The colored people would come by on their way to church, and stop, and look, and wonder. Brother Williams would say:—

"Look there, Brethern, at them sheep." And brother Johnson would say:—

Ur-er, Brer Williams, them aint sheep, them's goats, don't you see them horns?" And brother Jackson would say:—

"Yes, dey is sheep, who ever heard er goats lookin' lak dat."

Just about that time an old ram would jump up on a stump, and with a half sneeze and half blow, would give the characteristic:—"Put, Put," and the brethen would remark in unison:—

"Ur-er, them's goats, they goats."

The goats were a nuisance about jumping, and I was very anxious to get a remedy. A fellow wrote me that if I would remit, he would tell me how to keep the goats from jumping a fence. Now, I had heard of the "Guarantee Cure for Texas Bugs," which came in the shape of two little blocks, with instruction to place bug on "A," and strike hard with "B," and if there was no fatality, to write immediately, I had also heard of the old sell of teaching the horse to spit to stop slobbering,

but I couldn't foresee any sell in stopping goats from jumping. The remedy was:

"Put a plank on either side of the fence, and the goats would walk over."

I presume it was old, but I had never heard it.

About this time, I was on a train coming home from Savannah. A rather illiterate farmer got on, and sat beside me. After the usual preliminaries, we exchanged names, and he remarked:—

"MacIntyre, well, I've heard of you," my chest began to swell with pardonable pride that my reputation as a lawyer was spreading so far from home, and was about to offer treats, when my friend continued:—

"And, by the way, how is them goats gittin' along?"

I afterwards gave away the goats to two of my friends, I now have no goats, and two less friends.

* * * * * *

Ernest Ballard and Gene Wiggins were in the primary department of the South Georgia College. Wiggins had been misbehaving, and Miss Barnes, his teacher, had sent him down to the office of principal Lynes, with a note:—"To severely punish Gene Wiggins, the bearer, who had been guilty of gross misbehavior."

Gene started down, and met Ernest coming up. Knowing full well what was in the note, he requested his friend to please hand it to Col. Lynes, while he bought a loaf of bread from the bread wagon. Earnest was a very accomodating little boy, so he took the note in, and was given a seat while the Colonel prepared some of those long, keen, elastic switches, such as never grow except when one is a little boy. Ernest soon caught on, in fact, the experience made a striking impression upon him. He is grown now, but will hardly mail a letter for a friend.

Apendix Mason, is a colored Hardshell Baptist preacher, working for Mr. T. P. Jones during the week, and preaching in a little church, which he built himself and fully owns, on Sunday. I wish here to say that I believe Ap. to be a good faithful negro, and that his shortcomings, which I here relate, are errors of his head and his confused standard of morals.

As I said, Ap. owns his own church and gets all his collections. He is especially in evidence at a funeral, enjoying nothing more, Last year he and the other negroes had the biggest time since the war, having two funerals in one week. Ap. thinks nothing so sinful as whistling a reel, and, due to his influence, this diabolical sin is disappearing on the plantation where he works. Ap. used to be a tenant of mine. When he was with me, he had hard luck in getting, as he said, "Healthy Mules," for his mule would die every year as a result of starvation and mistreatment. Ap. didn't leave my place voluntarily, nor did I run him off, the sheriff took him. Ap. had mortgaged some live stock, which he didn't own, to Mr. C. T. Gandy, for a horse. The horse as usual, died, and Mr. Gandy proceeded against the security, and found Ap. had made false pretenses. Ap. explained to the court, but, nevertheless, was given twelve months. He has never gotten well off enough again to rent land, that's why he is working for wages. When Ap. escaped, or, rather, worked out his legal entanglements, I greeted him one day, and in reply to my salutation, he said:—

"Yes Sir, Mr. Mac., the white folks treats the niggers mighty mean sometime, but, let me tell you, they can take the poor nigger and 'cuse him er stealin', and have a passale er other niggers tell lies on him, an put him in the gang, but, thank God, there is one thing they can't get, they can't get de poor niggers 'ligon, when he gits dat, he is got something neither white folks nor niggers can ever git away from him. Yes, Sir, I'm gwine ter have a revival next week, Sir."

Dr. Ainsworth came by for me in his auto, to go out and see the prize fight. It was to take place at Bob Mitchell's, a resort for colored people on the outskirts of Thomasville, on the order of a miniature "Coney Island." There is no such place of amusement here for white people, as not enough of them can afford to waste their money, but the colored man never has to spend more than a third of his money for necessities in the South, so has a plenty left for the dance hall, the lemonade barrel, the mullet stand and the blind tiger resorts.

We found several cars of white people when we got there, and enough negroes to have taxed the capacity of a counting machine. Upon our arrival we were sold tickets and escorted to the "white folks reserved seats," The combatants in the big event were Marion Ferguson, local champion, and famous over South Georgia for his skill, and Cape Town Joe, a yankee nigger as we were told, from somewhere up north. There were several supplemental little bouts between brats, but everyone was getting impatient for the main event. Mitchell came to me to find out about the prohibitory ordinance on the subject of fights, wanting to know if it did or did not apply to niggers. I thought it did, and to the little ones, too, who had already fought. Mitchell thought, "to be sure," I was mistaken. Ferguson came to me and wanted to know if the law held good in a case where a yankee nigger had come down here and said he could whip any nigger in Georgia, and that everything in New England was better than it was in Georgia. When I told him it did; he thought it a mighty funny law. He said if the Mayor could see Cape Town Joe, he knew it would be all right for him to whip him. The impropriety of having the fight in town, being settled, the crowd, white, black, and indifferent, repaired to the Boulevard, where a ring was fitted up in the open air, buggy lines being used for ropes. Cape Town Joe was making preparation by having his seconds rub him down and bind his wrists, and Ferguson took two stiff drinks. Mitchell announced for the fighters to come forward. Ferguson appeared, but Joe's seconds an-

nounced that Joe would have to have a chair between rounds. Mitchell thought he was getting mighty particular, the crowd agreeing, but sent for the chair. When the chair came, the announcement was again made, and Joe sent word for Mitchell to show his second the Thirty-Five Dollar purse, which had been promised to the victor. Mitchell didn't have but twenty-eight, and Joe said he wouldn't fight. Mitchell said Joe was a dad-blasted suck egg hound, and with the whole crowd of negroes following, started toward him with a tie rein to swing him to a limb, they all being highly indignant that their white friends should be disappointed after so much annoyance. We then intervened and made up enough to bring the pot to the Thirty-Five Dollars. Joe came to the ring, and we thought the fight was to proceed, but he hesitated, asking who was the referee and was told Mitchell. He said he knew Mitchell to be a gentleman of the highest integrity, but if there was no objection, he would like to have a white man referee.

Mitchell said Joe evidently didn't know where he was at, and at the next hesitation he would take a posse and drown him in the creek. Fred Dismukes made Bob hush, and offered to keep time, suggesting that Reese be referee. Joe was now satisfied as white men would officiate at the ring, and so put on the gloves. In the meantime, Fergerson took two more drinks. The pugilists were in their chairs. Fergerson looked like a young giant, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, all muscle. Joe weighed about one hundred and fifty but looked active. All the negroes, except two or three, were betting on the local champion. At this juncture, Joe jumped up as if he had forgotten something, and asked who was holding the money. Mitchell said he was, and that furthermore; he was going to kill the black scoundrel after the fight, if Fergerson had not already done so, that consideration for his white friends was all that kept him from doing it then. Dismuke made Bob give him the money, and time was called.

The combatants went through the first round without any

serious exchanges, Time was called, and Joe took his seat. Marion stood up talking. He said he hadn't gotten ready to get in a good lick yet, he didn't want to end the fun too quick. The second and third rounds were without events, except a few lefts on Marion's cheek and jaw. At the beginning of the fourth, the local champion said he was going to put it to him this time, and rushed at his opponent. Joe sidestepped, and landed a right on Marion's nose, sending blood in every direction. Marion cursed Joe, and started for him again. This time he got one on the jaw, which sent him to his knees. He promptly arose, rushed and clinched Joe, who gave a yell like a Comanche Indian. Everybody rushed to the side of the ring, and the referee was assisted in parting the combatants. Joe asked for a decision, on a foul, showing that he had not only been severely bitten, but had been squeezed pretty near to death. The foul was evident, but the crowd wasn't ready for the fight to stop, so Ferguson was warned, and they started on the next round, Ferguson swearing at Joe for hitting him in the nose, and then lying, claiming that he bit him. During this round Ferguson become pretty groggy, and Joe on account of his success, was getting a few friends among the negroes, who hadn't bet. In the next round Joe landed a right on Marion's jaw, and the latter was counted out. Joe went to his chair, was given the money, and had a plenty of admirers around him. He now, for the first time became talkative, saying he could have knocked Marion out the first round, if he had wanted to, and that he wasn't afraid of anybody; that the local negroes didn't know much anyway, and, that as for Ferguson, he didn't fight fair and was a low down dog. By this time Marion had recovered and overheard the latter remark. He ran across the ring, and before anybody noticed what he was up to, had jerked Joe into the ring, and was sitting on his head, beating him on the back. It took about everything there to pull Ferguson off, and Dr. Ainsworth had to bring Joe too, again. Marion said he was going to kill Joe the next day, but Joe was never seen in

Thomasville again. Ferguson now says the trouble was:-- He waited too long to knock Joe out.

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Parson Persons was a country divine of the Methodist persuasion. He fought all sorts of iniquity, especially those who were guilty of "singing a reel," or absenting themselves from church. His good wife was equally pious, and was as distinguished for devotion to her husband as for her piety. It was the Quarterly Meeting Sunday, and Rev. and Mrs. Persons were preparing for church.

"Sall-Ann, git my buckskin watch chain. Where is my new celluloid collar? Git that pair of suspenders the Sunday school give me Christmas. Whar's the coat the Lovers of the Lord gave me on my birthday? Can't you git some of the mud off them new boots the convention give me last meetin'? I do know we aint a goin' to be ready in time;" could be heard all over the house.

Mrs. Persons at last got her Reverend Lord in shape:— "Spick and Span, with his bible in his hand." Mr. Persons took a seat on the front porch, and began reading the bible, then he lighted his pipe, then removed his chair to the other end of the porch, then he said:—

"Sall-Ann, aint you never gwine to git ready?"

"Catch the horse dear, and I'll be ready by that time, came the response. As the horse was already caught, the parson drove him round to the front gate, and yelled:—

"Sall-Ann, I do believe you'd keep the whole plan of salvation waitin' on them frills and furbelows of yourn."

Mrs. Person was still busy tripping around the room, about to complete her toilet, when this came from her Lord:—

"There now, Sall-Ann, I have done gone and spit on the bosom of my bile shirt, a watin' fer you. I do declare you wimmen will drive a man to distraction."

"Come here, dear," was the reply from within. The parson reluctantly and sullently obeyed. "You are all right now, take that bucket of slops on the back steps to the calf, and I'll be in the buggy when you get back;" (patting him on the cheek until he had smiled.)

The calf evidently hadn't been fed lately, or else it was a very greedy calf, without any table manners at all, for when the parson set the bucket in the lot, the calf ran up and pushed his head a way down in the bucket, tried to drink and breathe at the same time, and so got strangled, pulled his head out, and holding it up right in front of the parson's bent over figure, gave a sneeze such as only a calf with nostrils full of chicken gravy, beef marrow, pot licker and meal brand, could. The parson was now a ruined citizen, outwardly, and dejected, but wrought up, inwardly. His biled shirt and broadcloth coat were the personification of disorder and discord, and he was as inharmonious spiritually and mentally as he was physically. He reached down and got the calf by each ear, and soused his head down into the slop bucket, saying:—

"Take that, durn ye, take that, if it wasn't for the Grace of God in my heart, I'd drown ye, dern ye.'.

The parson went into the house and blamed his wife for it all, said the Catholics were right:– Preachers didnt have a bit of bussness gittin' married."

I never did find out whether or not they got to church.

* * * * * *

Back in the Populist times a good many rather shady tricks were played to influence the colored vote. Mr. X. was a democratic orator, sent to a certain district where negro croppers were in the vast majority. He had about finished his address to the colored vote, and was inviting questions, when an old colored man arose, and put this to him:—

"Mr. X., what fer do they call dese Populites, third party?

I hear 'em say, third party, and I wants ter know what fer dey use dat name?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you asked that, I was about to forget to explain it. By the way, Uncle Mose, who do you work with, and on what terms?"

"I works fer Mr. Smith, on halves."

"All you nigger croppers hold up your hands, (hands go up) How do you work?"

"Us all works on halves."

"Now, that's just it. It has been customary in many neighborhoods to work croppers on halves. The democrats all practice it, but these Populists come along and say half is too much for the nigger to get, and they are in favor of only giving him a third, whereupon, fair minded and righteous men have dubbed them third party, and the circumstances were so well known, that the name stuck, and they are known all up and down this broad land of ours as "Third Party."

"Dat's so, Dat's so," murmered the audience assuring the orator that they would stick by his party, no matter how the Populists tried to explain out of their villianous intentions.

* * * * * *

Mr. Abraham was a prosperous Thomasville merchant. One day old man Taylor sent his son to get a thousand pounds of bacon, for which he had previously arranged with Abraham. The meat was piled upon the scales until it nearly reached the ceiling, then the merchant said to Bill:—

"Jump up dere and hold dat meat down for your daddy."

Bill jumped up and held the meat on the scales, and was sold to the old man at ten cents a pound.

* * * * * *

Abraham once told a farmer that he would give him a huge iron pot, which he had been admiring, if he would buy it full of sugar. The farmer agreed, and the two put the pot on the

scales, filled it full of sugar, and weighed the whole business. Abraham got sugar prices for the iron pot, which put him four dollars to the good.

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One day a bystander said to Abraham:—

"Mr. Abraham, aint your son-in-law, Joseph, a pretty smart fellow?"

"Yes, Joseph is a smart boy."

"A mighty good boy, aint he?"

"Yes, he is a good boy."

"Honest, too, aint he, Mr. Abraham?"

"Yes, too damn honest, thinks it's smart."

* * * * * *

Mr. Mitch Jones bought a bull yearling from Mr. R. E. Lester. He was the prettiest, slickest, best formed calf that you ever saw, in fact, the very embodiment of ideal bullhood, so thought Mr. Jones. About the same time Dennis Peak had been given a calf of the masculine variety by Mrs. J. Wyman Jones, (no relation to Mitch.) Peak's calf grew, and the same phenomenon was characteristic of the Jones' calf. So far as the record goes, the two yearlings were never seen together. Just at the time when Mr. Jones' bull was approaching maturity, and when it stood highest in its owners estimation, Dennis was looking for "apple of his eye," and came across the Jones' posession, and, deciding that the animal was his own, and that it had forever given up all propensity of domestication, slaughtered the unsuspecting bovine and sold the carcass to the butcher. This tragedy was quite a misfortune to Mr. Jones, and an annihilating calamity to the bull.

Mr. Jones employed his nephews, Walter Hammond and Me, to bring civil and criminal action against Dennis, whom, he claimed, had committed premeditated, felonious and disastrous

cowcide or bullcide, as the case might be, he didn't know much about legal terms. The grand jury met and indicted Dennis. Walter and I met and brought suit in the Thomas County Court for forty dollars, the alleged value of the bull. Dennis employed J. Hansell Merrill to represent him. The case came up in its regular order, and Merrill had a Plea in Abatement, setting up that no civil action could proceed until the criminal action had been disposed of.

Now, I had been at the Bar only a few months, and Walter not very much longer. We had both read and studied about Pleas in Abatement, but always on a theoretical basis, this live and living one threw us off our feet. It was like meeting a panther, when you were expecting a house cat.

Merrill finished reading the plea, and the Court asked what the plaintiff had to say. I crouched down in my chair, and looked as small as I could, waiting for Walter to answer. There was no answer. I hadn't gotten sure enough nervous until now, for Walter had assured me that "we had a good case," and so I thought Mr. Merrill was only fooling, and that Walter would wipe the floor up with him in a minute. The court then said:—

"Mr. MacIntyre, what says the plaintiff?"

I looked around and Walter was gone, for what, I didn't know, but I had a premeditation that it was for help, and hoped that he would find it. It was now up to me to keep our case in court until the help arrived. I asked for defendant's authorities, and he handed me the fourth and seventh volumes of Georgia Reports, where the doctrine seemed to be laid down, but I noticed that in both cases the subject of the larceny was a slave, not a cow. I then read the court the head notes to the decisions, and took the position that they couldn't possibly apply to a misdemeanor. But the Court said cow stealing was a felony. I agreed that it was now, but that at the time of the decisions we were living under the common law, and that the offense was only a misdemeanor, under the old English system. I didn't

know anything more about what I was talking than did Mr. Merrill and the Court, but I wanted the other side to do some explaining. I had about explained out. The Court asked Mr. Merrill what he had to say about cow stealing being a misdemeanor, at common law. Mr. Merrill said he had sent the sheriff after Blackstone and Kent's Commentaries, and would elucidate the matter in a minute. I had accomplished my purpose. Walter surely was on his way by this time.

Mr. Merrill picked up his text books, but couldn't find the classification of cow stealing so undertook to explain his point by analogy. He read about Mayhem being a felony, and felonious assaults being in the same class, and so on. My client came over and whispered in my ear:—

"What in the hell has a man biting another's ear off in England in the fourteenth century got to do with a negro stealing my bull in Georgia in the twentieth century?"

I told him if he didnt sit down the Court would fine him, and he said:—

"Damn the courts, and the lawyers too, there is more rascality done inside the courts, than outside."

While I was engaged in shifting the burden of explaining from myself to the defendant, Walter had sought refuge in the wisdom of his father, Honorable W. M. Hammond.

"Look here, Papa," said he, "Irwin is in a little trouble up at the Court House, and I want you to tell me how to help him out. He then explained the trouble to his father. The point being elucidated, he returned to the Court House just as I was on my last legs. We then explained to the Court that the law had been to prevent a civil settlement in cases involving the person of slaves until the rights of society had been vindicated by the Courts.

The Court ordered us to proceed with the case. Mr Merrill called his witnessess, and found that his star witness, Tom Jordan was absent and so moved for a continuation until next term. While the matter was being discussed, Tom came. It was now

nearly night, and Mr. Merrill had worried himself into a severe headache, and so informed the Court. The Court continued the case until next term, much to the disgust of our client, who had lost a whole day with his hands from his crop, a loss of about as much consequence as the bull.

At the next term of Court we got a verdict for twenty dollars and sent Mr. Jones into a fit of all-overs by telling him we had appealed the case, and expected a new trial. Dennis was acquitted of the charge of larceny, as his intentions seemed to be good even if he had made a serious mistake.

I forgot to say that when Mr. Jones was given the money, he said:

"If anybody ever steals anything from me again, if the thief doesn't tell it, I'll swear I never will?"

* * * * * *

Honorable W. A. Covington was appealing to the "Woolhat boys" to rise in their might with their votes and crush the infamous Plutocrats, who were sucking the life blood of the nation. He had paid especial attention to Harriman. An inquisitive farmer arose, and addressing the speaker, inquired:—

"Ain't that Mr. Harriman a mighty rich man?"

"Rich man, rich man," repeated the orator, almost too disgusted to answer. "Why, King Solomon in all his glory, with his eight hundred jewel wearing wives, and his palace ornamented with precious stones to such an extent that extra supports were required to hold it up, and his thousands of slaves, decked in oriential finery, and his cities and his kingdom, astonishing ancient civilization with their grandeur and magnificence, King Solomon, I say, in all his splendor, was nothing but a half cropper compared to this man, Harriman."

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Honorable Joseph M. Brown was a candidate for Governor against Hoke Smith. Covington was for Smith. He was discussing Brown's prohibition cards, of which there were several;

the original and three supplements, called by Covington;— Original, Explanation, Explanation of the Explanation, and Explanation of the Explanation of the Explanation.

"Fellow citizens," said Covington, addressing his audience; "These Joe Brown cards remind me of the landman's description of the shipwreck at sea:—

"She heaved and she sot, and sot and heaved,
And high her banners flung;
And every time she heaved and sot,
A deeper leak she sprung."

* * * * * *

Covington had brought suit for certain damage done to a client's foot by the railroad. He came pretty near going out of Court on demurrer, and had only gotten to the jury by the "skin of his teeth." Two of opposing Counsel had spoken, one of whom was a very refined gentleman of a neighboring town, a man who was especially particular about his dress, who wore immaculate white suits in summer, white from shoes to hat, who would feel disgraced for life if he was seen in public with a hair on the wrong side, or a fly speck on the bosom of his biled shirt.

Covington addressed the jury as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, for one moment you are the peers of anybody, even the railroads. Now, the enemy say we aint got no case, but aint they actin' funny for folks who think we aint got no case? If we aint got no case, why do they send down here to Waycross, and get Judge S., the scholar of the Waycross bar, and Judge W., known all over Georgia as a railroad lawyer, and, why, not to be outdone, do they send down here to Thomasville, and get that glass of fashion and mould of form, X. Y. Z.? Why, Gentlemen, if we had known how many bones we had smashed, which we didn't know until X. Y. Z. named 'em all, in the foot, we'd have sued for one hundred thousand dollars. We just sued for $3,000.00 for one foot, but

we didn't know how complicated a foot was. We knowed that a cracker had two feet, and that a foot had five toes, some of them littler than others, beginning with the big toe and gittin' littler toward the little toe. We knowed that he could crack hickory nuts with the bare heel of that foot, and that when a barefooted cracker came along, all the ants in the neighborhood sounded the fire alarm as a warning that every part of them feet touched the ground, and that if an ant ever got thereunder, he was sure to be crushed to death. I say, gentlemen of the jury, we knew all of these things, but we didn't know our client carried around such a menagerie of bones in his old socks. We surely ought to have sued for more. Why, gentlemen, imagine a man gittin' his e pluribus unum mashed, and his sic semper tyranis fractured like that."

The jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff.

* * * * * *

If the people of this county should vote as to who was their most honest citizen, Mr, Joseph Uhlm would get as many votes as anybody. Mr. Uhlm came to this country from Germany in 1858, and had the unique distinction of belonging to both the Yankee army and the Ku-Klux-Klan. No one around here ever suspected Uncle Joe of having been in the Federal Army until through force of necessity he applied for and got a civil war pension. Uncle Joe, after the war, became so thoroughly acclimated that he didn't seem proud of his war record, or, at least, when he got his pension, he gave the following explanation of how he happened to serve:—

"You know it happened dis vay. I not vant to fight in de civil var or de uncivil var, nor no other var. I vus not vant to fight at all, I vusn't mad. I vus leave de old country ter git out de military duty. But ven I comes ter dis country, I goes ter Baltimore, I meets friends and dey says:—

"Joe, you vas ought to belong to our military company," but I says, "Not fer me, dats vy I leaves de old country, 'cause I don't vant ter fight some." "Oh," but dey says, "Hit aint

fight, hit's just eat oysters and drink beer, drink beer and eat oysters, yer know." But I says:— "Not fer Joe, I don't like dem blue suits and buttons." But dey keeps on sayin' bout eatin' dem oysters and drinkin' dat beer, yer know, and no fight, yer know. And I thinks a heap about eatin' dem oysters and drinkin' dat beer, yer know. And every time dey meets, dey tells me 'bout eatin' dem oysters, yer know, and drinkin' dat beer, and so yer know, I thinks so much 'bout eatin' dem oysters and drinkin' dat beer, yer know, dat I says:— if you are sure it's no fight, just to eat dem oysters and drink dat beer' yer know. I says I vouldn't care if I vus belong, aldough, I says, yer know, I don't like dem suits and buttons, yer know, just wants ter eat dem oysters and drink dat beer, yer know. So dey says:---

"Joe you vus elected, and I vus have a big time, eatin' dem oysters and drinkin' dat beer, yer know, and no fight yer know. And way after while, yer know, dem fellers vhat vears dem broadcloth and silk suspenders, yer know, vas decided dat dose vhat vear overalls and leather britches, yer know, must have big war, yer know, but dey says it vus be a little bit of a war, yer know. But I says:—

"I don't vant to fight, even in no little bit of a war, yer know, I vusan't mad, and I don't see vy, yer know, a cab driver, yer know, in New York, yer know, must shoot a cracker in Gergia, yer know. But dey says, yer know, dat ve must preserve de union, yer know."

"Vell, it seems ter me dat it vus a dam poor vay ter preserve de people, yer know, ter put one half ter shootin' de other half. yer know. And all de time, yer know, I vus just join dat military company ter eat dem oysters and drink dat beer, ver know So I says:—

"Joe vus not go to fight in no little bit of a var, don't care if only one man gits killed, 'cause dat one man might be Joe, yer know. But de boys say, dey von't need us ter fight, ve vus

just organized ter eat dem oysters and drink dat beer, yer know. But dey says:—

"Ve must volunteer ter show ve vus love de country, and dat ve vusn't scared, yer know, and dat de President he vill reply dat he von't need us, and ve vill keep on eatin' dem oysters an drinkin dat beer, yer know. So ve does, all de time I don't like dis here broadening of de intent of de organization. And de captain he vus get reply. "You vus accepted.—President Lincoln." and I vus say, "Ve vus play hell." But de boys say, "No, hit vill be all right, those vill not go vut don't van't to, and those vut do, vill be back in three veeks." So ve meets, and I says ter myself;—

"I vus go to be one vut falls out, ven de time comes. But de captain he don't say: "All desire to fall out," he says: "All soldiers stay in, all dam cowards fall out."

"Vell, I vasn't no dam coward, yer know. I rather be gone three months den ter be no dam coward, yer know, even if I loses my job wid old Jacobs." So all of us ve stay in, and ve vus go ter de front, and ve vus fight like hell, yer know. And I vus say to myself:— Joe, you vus play hell 'scapin' military duty."

Vell, I didn't git killed, and after de war I vus stay down here, yer know, and dat vus all. I vus just join, yer know, ter eat dem oysters and drink dat beer yer know."

* * * * * *

Mr. J. Monroe Lee was once postmaster at Thomasville. One season he contracted to sell fertilizers for one of the big concerns. He wrote to the house and asked if they expected him to sell only to white men, or to both colored and white. He was told that the color line was not drawn by his employer, and to sell on the same security to white, black and indifferent. Mr. Lee sold a good deal of fertilizer.

When fall came, collections were slow, and after considerable correspondence the house sent down an agent to help collect the notes. The Yankee came to Thomasville, and after talking over matters with Mr. Lee, said:—

"Mr. Lee, I propose to draw a note out of that pigeon hole, and no matter which one it is, and who it is against, we will go out and see the gentleman, and I'll bet you I collect some money."

"All right," said the local salesman. The next day they went down to Capt. Whitaker's "Kentucky Stables," and got a team, which afterwards, cost the house ten dollars. They looked at the note, drawn at random from the bunch, and saw it was against Juniper Lewis.

"Where does this gentlemen reside?" inquired the Yankee.

"On the spring Hill Plantation, ten miles from town," answered Mr. Lee. They drove out. When in the vicinity of their destination, the Northerner inquired of a passing negro:—

"Do you know Mr. Juniper Lewis?"

"No, Sir."

"Does he live about here?"

"Nar, Sir, no sich man as dat live in dis bailiwick."

They met another field hand, and the same conversation took place between the special agent and the local negro. They met a third, who said positively that:—

"No sich man live on de old Irwin place, what's called de Spring Hill Plantation."

Mr. Lee had been quiet as long as he could, so he spoke up, saying:—

"Look here, Buck, do you mean to tell this gentlemen that you don't know this confounded, black, knock-kneed, crosseyed June Lewis?"

The negro looked like he had just seen a light, and surprised, answered:—

"Lord, Lord, Boss, course I does, I jest now understand who you all talkin' about, course I knows Old June Lewis. Didn't I marry one of his gals up dere before Squire Bibbs?"

"Where does he live?"

"Why he live in de ten acre cut on de Spring Hill Place."

The Yankee squirmed about in his seat, and asked:—

"My friend, has this man, whom you say is your father-in-law, any realty?"

"No Sar, Boss, fore God he aint, he aint got nuffin like dat."

"Has he any personality?"

"No Sar, Boss, so help me God, Old June aint got none er dem, aint nothin' ail him 'cept a great big wart on de back er his neck, and dats all he got."

Observing that all Mr. Juniper had with which to pay a fertilizer note was a wart on the back of his neck, our northern friend drove back to Thomasville, and instructing Mr. Lee to use his own best judgement in the future in the collection for, and sale of fertilizer, left for home.

* * * * * *

One of the most interesting relics of ante-bellum days used to live in the southern part of Thomas County. He had been a slave of an indulgent master, whose slaves, Uncle Mose boasted, were innumerable.

I was talking to the old man one day while he dug a well. "Aint you getting that well pretty crooked?" said I. "Well, sir," said Uncle Mose, "Time I git done, hit will average a straight."

One of my Northern friends, by way of conversation, said,-- "Uncle Mose I suppose you vote?" "Oh, yes, sir-- 'deed I does." "Do the white people object to your voting?" "Deed dey don't--dey pays us to vote." "I suppose, Uncle Mose, you have a lot of influence about election time." "Well, sir, I used to have; I used to be de bigges' nigger in the hole settlement, Man, I is been to de conventions; I tell you I is sho' had some good times at de conventions. I is sot right down and et and drunk wid white folks. Dey wasn't nothing but publicans, its true, but dey was white, jest as white as you is." "Well, Uncle Mose, we will leave you." "Well, gentlemens, don't hurry; dis well am a case of pushancy, but I can work and talk both."

"Uncle Mose," said I, "Before we leave, tell my friend if you could run when you were young." "Yes, sir, don't spit in my good eye, tho: Yes, sirree, I could out run every nigger in de quarter, 'cept one. and it was no disgrace to be beat by him 'cause he could sker up a drove er patridges, and ketch two 'fore dey lit."

"Uncle Mose," said I, "Could you get me a grave yard rabbit at eleven o'clock at night, on the full of the moon?" Uncle Mose stopped digging. "Look 'er here, white man, I knows you want his lef' hin' foot for good luck, and to be sho' it would be good luck, but I wouldn't go dere at night if I had a gun wid one er dem expectorators on it,—what about dem ghosts" Why, Uncle Mose, ghosts wouldn't hurt you." "No sir, I knows dey wouldn't, but dey might make me hurt myself."

"Uncle Mose," said I, "Talking about rabbits, what will make a puppy bark on the trail?" "Go 'way white man, you knows dat de thing to do in a case like dat, is to feed de puppy out'n a tub--jes' same as you gives 'um gun powder, if you wants to make 'um bite; dat is to make 'um a good yard dorg."

"Uncle Mose," spoke up my guest, "Have you any objections to any of your white neighbors?" "Well sir, no more than I is to all white foks, and dat aint much; I'll tell you what I got again white foks. You know, white foks is de most peculiarist I knows of. Dey will gie you money and always gie you vituals, even when dey cuss you while dey do it: dey loan you money on Monday ter pay back Satterday, and long as yer pays de 20% intrus', dey don't bother yer 'bout de principal. But dey make me mad, and I tell 'em so, 'bout not havin' no confidence in no nigger. Why, Boss, if dey was a house burnt, or a man found, dead, de white foks would gather round, and you'd hear 'em say—'A nigger done it, 'cause a nigger will sho' burn a house, a nigger will show rob ye, and kill ye; a nigger can't be counted on.' Yes sir, scusin' my own white foks, dey wouldn't make no diffunce twixt me, and old Lige Brown; while everybody would laugh if niggers was to say, 'A white man'll do dis and do dat,'

and do de oder.' "But what about Lige Brown, that you dont want to be classed with him?" "Well, sir, don't you know Lige? Lige is de onerest nigger ye ever saw. He wont wurk and he aint no count. You know how he done Mrs. Wynn?" "How did he do Mrs. Wynn?" "Well, sir, Mrs. Wynn was er Yankee woman what wanted ter do sum'in fer de cullud foks. She saw Lige drivin' er dem little ol' blind mules what come mighty nigh gittin' him persecuted for cruelty to ani-mules, so Mrs. Wynn, she bought Lige a par' of big, young mules, and had the little ol' po' sore back mules put out'n dere misery. De nex' time Lige come ter town, he make it convenient to accidenly see Mrs. Wynn, who want ter know how he come on. Lige say he do mighty po'ly; dat de big mules was so strong and start off so quick, dey keep his harness broke and threaten him wid distruction. Mrs. Wynn laughed and give Lige some new harness, den when Lige come to town again, Mrs. Wynn axed 'How'e he gittin' long?' Lige say he doin' mighty po'ly. He say his old waggin is weak, and ebery time he come to er bog, dem big mules pulls de couplin' pole into. De little mules would stall, but de big 'uns breaks de waggin, so de kin' lady gibs Lige er bran' new waggin, wid so much writin' on it dat his chillun is actually learnin' to read. De nex' time Mrs. Wynn sees Lige, she axed if all was well at last. Lige say all was sick; he say de big waggin wouldn't git under de little shed, so he had to leave it in the wedder, and when he carried de fambly to meetin' in de wet waggin body, all of dem cotch col', so Mrs. Wynn sunt out de doctor en de carpenter to supply Lige wid his re-qui-ments, and when de fambly gits well, and de new shed gits built, Mrs. Wynn inquire of Lige's prospec's and Lige say he could segaciate alright, if it wasn't fer dem big mules, and de good woman axe, Fer de Lawd's sake, what was de trubble now? Lige say dat de little mules neber eat much, and he had er plenty er corn to do de team and de fambly, but de big mules is possessed uv er outrageous appetite, and dun cleaned out his crib. Mrs. Wynn mos' fall ober wid exasperation and she scolded Lige and give him a order fer corn and

hay, so Lige goes home and dat night one er de mules got out and killed de calf, and Lige was mighty so' at Mrs. Wynn 'bout de transaction, so he goes back ter town to fin' Mrs. Wynn 'Not in.' While he is waitin' fer de lady, Gunboat set him up to A. K. Dat's what white folks call alkahol, and on de way home, de mules run away wid Gunboat and Lige and broke Lige's leg. Mrs. Wynn heard 'bout it, and sunt out de doctor, and sunt Lige wurd dat if he didn't quit drinkin' she was gwine ter make his wife quit him, and Lige sunt wurd back dat if she wud carry out her pu'pose, he wud be willin' to give her de mules back, so after while Lige got well, but say his leg hurt too bad fer him to wurk, and when Fall come, de mules was tuk under er mortgage and Lige had ter move fer not payin' de rent.

"Uncle Mose," said I, "Have you any hogs to kill?" "Yes, sir," said he, "I's only waitin' on de moon. Ye know if ye kills on de full er de moon, de meat will hol' its own, but if ye kills on de decreas' er de moon, de meat will shrink, jes' as ye have to plant on de increas' er de moon ter git de perduction. Besides dat, I's got plenty er corn to carry dem."

"Ye see I got de mammy uv er big famly to drap my corn, and dat makes de yield."

"Uncle Mose," said I, "Does your preacher teach you all of your superstition?" "I don't know nuthin' 'bout dat, but I don't depend on de judgement er de preachers. I believes if de people would quit payin' dem, de Lawd would quit callin' de most er dem. I got my own notion 'bout creation any how. I done sperienced nuf to make up my mind." "Well what is your notion of creation?" "Well, sir, it was dis way, de Lawd make de wurld an' de seas an' de animules jes' like de preacher say, but atter he git dem made, he make him fo' races er folks, and he sunt fer 'em to come up and 'port to him, and he say, "Boys, I done made ye, now what mus' I do wid ye?" and Mr. White Man was de fust one up. and he tells de Lawd he want good health, long life, plenty of money and no wurk, and de Lawd say, 'Alright, you can hab 'em,' and turn and axe Mr. Chinee

what he want? Mr. Chinee say 'He want washee an' ironee, tend to his own business, bother nobody and hab nobody bother him.' De Lawd tell him alright, and den turn and axe Mr. Injun what he want? Mr. Injun say he want plenty bows and arrars, game ter shoot, squaws ter wurk and nothin' ter do, and de Lawd say; Alright, ye can hab em, and den he turn ter Mr. Nigger, who am always late, and he axe Mr. Nigger what he want, and Mr. Nigger he answer, Nuthin, Lawd, I jes' come 'long wid dese other boys. And de Lawd say, "All you'll go back down and follow my instructions."

* * * * * *

My friend John and I went out to see a game of base-ball between two teams representing the colored inhabitants of neighboring plantations.

After considerable argument an umpire was selected and the Blacks were called to the bat, the Tans taking their places in the field. There was much contention in the first inning as to whether the players would be restricted to store-bought bats, also as to whether a batter could knock more than a home run: i. e., whether having circled the plates once, the runner could continue, thus making more than one run at one time at bat

The umpire admitted—"Any bat from a waggin-pole to a walkin'-stick."—Ruled that a runner could keep scoring until the ball was found, but admonished both teams that they could have only nine men on a side.

There came pretty near being serious trouble in the fourth inning when a fielder caught a fly which had bounced from a pine. Two rule books, bats, razors, etc., were in evidence and contributed their influence to the decision.

The Blacks were eleven runs at the close of the first half of the ninth inning, and the Tans only four. Cock-eyed Jim, the star right fielder for the Tans, came to the bat with a home made hickory, curved to fit the delivery of the pitcher as well as the vision of Jim. Well! to relieve the suspense; Jim got a

"HIT," and when the Blacks extracted the ball from a woodpecker's nest, in center field, he had gone around EIGHT times, winning the game.

On our return to town, our car stopped and we could not make it go on high. Then it got to where it wouldn't run on intermediate. I lifted the hood and called my colored friend Jim King, who lived in sight; he came out and watched me tamper with the car, with much interest. Finally having decided that the lubricating oil was out, I asked Jim if he had any machine oil. "No, sir, us aint got no machine yet." "Have you any fresh butter?" "No, sir, us aint got no cow yet." "Have you any fresh lard?" "No, sir, us aint had no lard since the preacher et wid us." "Well! can I borrow a mule and saddle to ride to Beachton?" "Please go get ole Gray and de saddle." As I mounted the mule, I asked—"Jim, aint there any grease in this community?" "No, sir, Mr. Mac.—I'll swear dey aint no grease 'round here 'cept some auter-mobile grease Mr. Thompson lef' me."

* * * * * *

Stubbs and I had both annouced for the legislature, trusting implicitly in the stupidity of the people. You know Carlyle gave the population of England as "25,000,000, mostly fools:" we hoped the rule would hold good in Thomas County.

As there were several others in the race and only three to be elected, everybody had to do a little canvassing. I went out to Jim Murdock's and asked if I could talk a little to him. He said I could when he got through cutting wood. I took up another axe and proceeded to show him how. I says, "You haven't seen anything of Stubbs along here today, have you?" "Lord yes," said Jim, "He's back there milking my cow."

Another time Stubbs and I met at Coolidge. Stubbs beat me talking, but as it was a warm day, I held my hat in my hand and got the reputation of being "A heap the perlitest."

Well, we were both elected, and when the time came started for Atlanta. The ticket were $7.25, so we decided to ride all the way. When we got to Albany and were in the act of changing cars someone uncoupled the air brake and the noise made Stubbs drop the package containing his other shirt. Stubbs said, "Here I am, fifty miles from home, and I be dog if somebody aint whistling at me!" We were sitting still, I was thinking and Stubbs re-arranging his prejudices when the porter asked if we wanted to take a sleeper, I said I couldn't sleep in the day time; Stubbs said neither could he, and besides he wanted to see the scenery. The newsbutch came along with some of Dickens' novels, but Stubbs said he didn't like Dickens, the print was too fine.

The lady on the seat ahead asked Stubbs rather coquettishly if he knew any limericks. "Oh yes mam," said Stubbs, "I know Bill and John and old man Oscar was Pa's best friend."

Stubbs warned the porter about putting any more coal in the stove as we were "already riding too fast."

When we got nearly to Atlanta, Stubbs asked a drummer who ran the hotel up there. The drummer said "Mrs. Kimball." Stubbs said he believed he would rather stop at a boarding-house, because hotels have a horse rack in front of them and the stamping of the horses kept him awake.

Well, we got to Atlanta and registered. The clerk asked if we wanted a room with a bath, but Stubbs said he wouldn't need one, as he bathed before he left home. The clerk gave us a room on the top floor and showed us the elevator. When we got out Stubbs said, "The durn thing just did stop in time as we would have been half way to Heaven in five minutes more."

We went to bed and slept till next morning, when Stubbs said the people shore did stay up late. I asked him how he knew; he said the lights on the streets were still burning at midnight. Stubbs also thought the people up there were mighty far behind with their hauling.

Stubbs dressed and asked me which way was the well. I told him to push the button twice and he would get ice water. He held the pitcher to the button and pushed, but couldn't get a drop.

Stubbs turned his cuffs and we went down to breakfast: and the waiter asked if we wanted any breakfast food. Stubbs said he shore did: he hadn't had any supper, and he wanted fried ham, fried eggs, coffee, pan cakes, corn muffins and biscuit; if there was any extras, he'd take them too.

We went over to the Capitol and started on our legislative career. I prepared a bill, "Making the rules of poker uniform throughout the state, and allowing a man to open a 'jack-pot' on a pair of tens." This I thought necessary for the protection of innocent parties, but as Stubbs wouldn't join me, I didn't put it in.

We had Lithia water to drink and electric fans to keep us cool, When the oratory would get so dense as to warm the water and clog the fans, then we'd go out into the smoking-room. Stubbs developed much eloquence. He never drank water while speaking as he said, "It didn't take water to run a wind mill." However an orator isn't much appreciated by a hall full of other orator. We joined the smoking club and had to pay a dollar. Then we would wait for other suckers to get other dollars!

One fellow wanted to raise legislators' pay from $4.00 to $7.00 per diem but Stubbs objected. He said the people would soon send $7.00 men instead of $4.00 men.

Stubbs made a great speech one day, had a lot to say about our fore-fathers and our historic inheritance. In fact he trod from cloud to cloud and jumped from star to star. When he had finished he smiled with pardonable pride while Uncle Billie Wilson of Gwinnett addressed the chair. I thought Uncle Billie was going to propose a vote of thanks for such a treat of oratory,—so did Stubbs. But Uncle Billie moved "that the Gentleman's apology be accepted." Stubbs was indignant and

told Uncle Billie that it was a shame to have fun poked at a man of such oratorical and literary powers. Uncle Billie said he was glad to know Stubbs was so literary as he looked like he "wouldn't know a fly spec from a punctuation mark."

Well, we soon caught on and Stubbs is now a veteran in the art. He can go all over Atlanta by himself, day or night. He can order a meal at a restaurant without the bill-of-fare and knows all the drinks at the soda fountain. He knows all of the names of the players on the Atlanta base-ball team and can telephone to any number in the city. He is absolutely fortified against faces and fakirs, and can't be fooled with near-beer, near-soup and near-pot-licker. We are both experienced statesmen now.

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